



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

¶ Memories. A Poem-Cycle.  
By the *Countess Gabriella*  
*Fabbricotti.*



I.

O PALE Spring night!  
Murmurous with rain,  
Send me a dream, for whose sweet sake  
Mine untrue lover, Sleep, shall woo me once again.  
Let it be rare as joy and real as pain,  
Lingering as the twilight on a western lake;  
And let me learn it is a dream before I wake.



II.

SUMMER has died;—did you know it?  
Toll for her with flower-bells.  
Over her grave (so the sexton tells)  
Withers a wreath;—did you throw it?  
Who wove it of jassamine-stars and grass,  
Weeping with last night's rain?  
But it will not make her alive again,  
For all your wreath and for all my pain.  
Dear Love - - dear Love - - alas!

## THE LOTUS

### III.

O H! dearest heart, have you forgot so soon—so  
soon? . . .

The day is yet at morning-tide,

The year is yet at noon.

What shall we do, when Autumn veils

The rising of the moon?



### IV.

WILL you lead me to the wood?

Lead me and I come—I come—

Where the grey dove hides her brood

And the wild bird finds a home, . . .

Where the silence is so deep

Even pain may fall asleep.

V.



YOU have forgotten now—'tis no surprise;  
When Love and Time make war, the last must win.  
They used to blame me for your hungry eyes  
And for the start you gave when I came in.  
Now I grow white if someone speaks your name, . . .  
But who shall dream of giving you the blame?



VI.

WHY have you gone far and left me all alone  
Among the autumn flowers hanging their sweet  
heads,  
Forlorn and pale, while the last birds moan  
Among the saddened trees, when the winds wake? . . .  
All in their humid, leafy beds  
The violets blow wistfully—and I have not the heart  
To pluck them in your name and wear them for your  
sake.

. . . . .  
. . . But I, I cannot dream, alas!  
Because I know the dream lives but to pass,  
With the grey sand within the hour-glass.



**A** SECOND time, beyond recall, art gone?  
How far?—God knows.—I am alone . . .  
The night lies hushed, the dreams, wide-eyed,  
Keep vigil, quiv'ring by my side.  
I hold them yet in leash, lest they should creep,  
Like subtle panthers, through the spell of sleep  
And silently, have stolen, ere I knew,  
The treasure of my waking thoughts of you.

IX.



WHERE are you, dearest heart, to-night?

Where do you sleep?

God send you some fair dream for sleep's delight,

To make you weep

That morning should so soon grow bright.

The stars gaze deep

Into the world asleep,

To find you for me and to say, "good night."



X.

SUMMER is dying! . . . Pale as amethyst—

And none to save!

September weeps with desperate desire;

October offers all his gold and fire.

Only November's ready with a wreath of mist,

To veil her grave.

O, LITTLE Love! with your sweet eyes and well  
remembered look,  
Wherefore have you come back,  
From the far land along the misty road,  
Which all have told me, knows no homeward track?  
Ah! Little Love! had I but known, had I but known!  
I thought that you had gone  
Beyond recall, beyond all hearing far;  
And that is why  
Sometimes I called upon you, in the night, stretched on  
my sleepless rack,  
With desperate cry:  
“O, Little Love! come back,—come back! . . . Come  
back!”

## XII.

I S it your fault, O Little Love,  
That sleep has passed and forgot my door?  
I knew the whisper of drowsy wings  
And the scent of the fainting poppies he brings,  
And the fancied murmur of unknown things . . .  
But he passed outside on misty feet,  
He passed outside and forgot my door—  
Did he believe you were with me, sweet?  
And will he return no more? . . .



## XIII.

O THE white, white dawn of April!  
And the blue-veined, hiding shadows,  
And the pushing, eager grasses  
Bringing life into the meadows!  
Aye! the life, the life! the living!  
Glowing, reaching-out, expanding,  
Breaking every chain of winter  
And forgetting—and forgiving—  
For the very joy of living!





OUT! out! out!

With the wind at early morning—  
Race the sun and go and meet him,  
On the flushed hill you should greet him,  
With the dew upon your lashes  
And among your wondrous hair—  
In a thousand diamond flashes  
Through the prisms of the air,  
Decked, like every tingling flower  
With the diadem of an hour.  
Out! among the red-lipped clover,  
With the young wind for a lover.

XV.



S HALL we roam and dream forever  
Down the moon-enamoured river,  
You and I?

While the tired birds are calling  
Through the mist around us falling,  
As they fly?

All the dew is in my hair,  
And my hands have met strange flowers—  
There's a glamour in the air,  
And the water and the hours  
Hurry by.

One on each side of the river—  
Will the dim, cold waters sever  
Us for aye,  
As we dream and wait forever  
For a bridge, that cometh never,  
You and I? . . .

## THE LOTUS

### XVI.

THE time will come—aye, it will come, the misty  
hour,  
When we shall stand together side by side  
For the last time—and oh! how pale the moon shall  
seem,  
And how the world will have grown wide—so wide.



### XVII.

NO, I am not afraid, but the wan mist  
Has closed around me and I cannot see.  
Above my head strange clouds have met and kissed.  
I hear the distant sorrow of the sea . . .  
I need the strength of your familiar hand,  
The comfort of your lips along the way—  
For it is lonely in the shadowland,  
Till we shall reach the gold-rimmed door of day.

